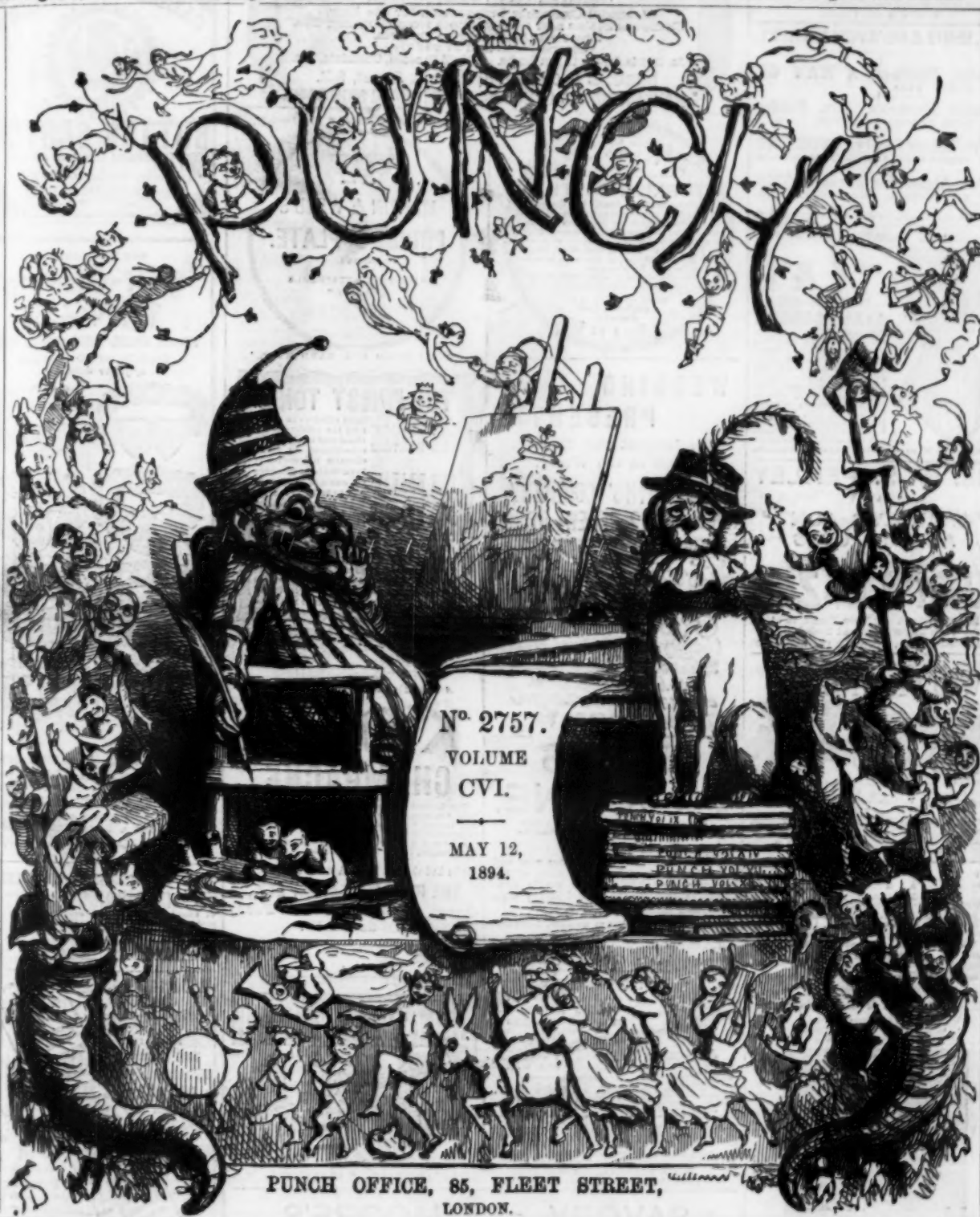


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MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

(Being a Series of Private Letters on these and other Subjects.)

No. I.—FROM THE HON. VICTOR MAYDEW, WHITE'S CLUB, TO LADY MABEL HUNTER, PENTLAND HALL, HANTS.

DEAR LADY MABEL,

December 2, 189—.

I can't tell you how vexed and disappointed I am at not being able to come to Pentland on the 14th, but I am engaged to the BLAGDENS, and though I scarcely look forward very keenly to the visit, I don't quite see how I am to slip out. Had it only been in the following week, or indeed in any other week—but after all I've no right to worry you with my might-have-beens. I suppose we all get the engagements we deserve, and miss those that we don't deserve, and I'm not ambitious enough to try to be an exception to a rule of life which I heard you lay down when we last met. Still, I am sure you won't mind my telling you how immensely I always enjoy a visit to Pentland. Dear old HARRY was about the best friend I ever had, the best, I think, I can ever hope to have. When you married him you told me that nothing would be changed at Pentland; there would only be two friends for me there instead of one—and so it was. Good Heavens, why must destiny strike so blindly and cut down the best and the noblest when so many, of whom the highest that can be said is that they are useless, almost invite the blow that never falls? No doubt that is all very trite, and has been said much better by others ever so many times, but I don't think we ever know how true most truisms are until some crash of our own brings them home to us; and even after four years—but what a brute I am to renew your sorrow or to mention my feelings at such a loss to you.

London is fairly full, though the weather has been simply abominable. My brother HAROLD turned up the other day from four years of knocking about in all the most outlandish places in the world, and he has been dragging me from one place of amusement to another without remorse. I've seen some very bad acting, heard some very poor singing, have laughed, though upon my word I scarcely know why, at two or three shockingly tedious burlesques, have dined at three or four restaurants, at all of which one seems to come across the same waiters offering the same dishes (the *Suprêmes* of this that or the other, the something else *en Casserole*, and the inevitable *Mousse* or *Dame Blanche*), and all calmly expecting the same exorbitant tip for such slight services as handing one another man's hat, or calling a four-wheeler when one has requested a hansom. But HAROLD has come back to it all as fresh as if he had only just left school instead of being a grown man of twenty-eight with two wounds and four mentions in despatches.



"Handing one another man's hat."

The MAXWELLS dined and went to the play with us yesterday. He isn't a bad fellow, though he has a kind of lower-middle-Aldershot sort of mind—the kind of man who tells you a dull story with all its dreadful details and all his own tedious corrections of slips that don't matter in the least. He always introduces it as "the funniest thing, 'pon my word, I ever heard (or saw) in my life. By Jove, thought I should ha' died o' laughing!" When I hear that I know what to expect, and I try in vain to withdraw him from his hideous purpose, but he's got

the horrible pertinacity of a wounded rhinoceros. Curious that that kind of dullness doesn't seem to strike women as really dull, whereas it exanimates men. MAXWELL has an undeniable cavalry-moustached popularity with most women. They humour him, and laugh at his obvious remarks, and listen patiently to him, and seem to take an unvarying pleasure in his society. But I have noticed that no woman can be with him even for one evening without getting it into her little head that Sandown and Kempton and Hurlingham are the be-all and end-all of existence, and that if you don't know the name and history and odds of the Derby favourite you are a mere nothing, scarcely tolerable even as a helper-on with a cloak when a play is over. Perhaps you, dear Lady MABEL, can explain the reason of all this to a crass masculine intelligence.

Mrs. MAXWELL has a sister, a Miss CRAIK, staying with her—a rather showy, handsome girl, with lots of fair hair, a good complexion, a trim figure, and a horribly unlimited capacity for talking slang, and, to use her own words, going one better than the men on every possible occasion. I've seen something of men and women during the thirty years I have spent (and wasted) in the world, and I am not easily startled, but I confess that the manners and language of this young woman made me shiver. But I suppose we fools are to blame, for some of us pretend to like that kind of thing, and to admire the bold, unconventional freedom of a girl who is apt to slap us on the back after half-an-hour's acquaintance.

I don't know why I have bored you with all this discourse. You must find the reason in your own kindness, for you have made me feel that it is good and pleasant to gossip with the mistress of Pentland, even though it be merely by letter. Give my love to little HARRY, and tell him that I have no doubt the Duke will view with favour his application for a Commission (direct from the nursery) in the Blues. Five years is perhaps younger than the average age of that gallant regiment, but, after all, ardour and determination are better than mere length of years.

I hope you will have fine weather, a good shoot, and a right pleasant party on the 14th.

Yours very sincerely,

VICTOR MAYDEW.

OUR DOCTORS.

"I think the profession, if I may presume to say so, has done well in the determination that Sir ANDREW CLARK might in the present age be taken up by common consent as a typical man, the representative of all that is best and noblest in the profession, and in its work."—*Mr. Gladstone's speech at the meeting at Prince's Hall on May 3, to further the movement for raising a Memorial to the late Sir Andrew Clark.*

Mr. Punch loquitor :—

WHAT the great world to its great doctors owes, Who can in fullness tell? Who fully knows?

How many a toiler, weary and o'erworked, In whose tired frame, all unsuspected, lurked The incipient seeds of dire disease, or death, Warned, soothed, relieved, will lift in grateful breath,

Whenever chance permits, warm heartfelt praise

To him, the kindly lengthener of his days—CLARK, JENNER, GULL, MACKENZIE, THOMPSON, ROOSE—

Whose sympathy's softest word, whose skill's best use,

Were his at sorest need, with scant regard To self's convenience, or to skill's reward!

Pathetic sight! Our Old Man Eloquent Bowed down by years, and with long toil forespent,

Comes forth from well-earned rest, at much of risk,

In gratitude alert, in friendship brisk, Though worn and weak in frame, once more to raise [praise.]

That matchless voice in his great Doctor's Well-dared, well-done! Well followed it should be.

We have not all such eloquence as he,

But we have hearts—and purses, and should all

Respond with both for that Memorial

To him, the typic doctor, and in him

Honour—it may be some with eyes half dim

With thankful recollection—all those men

Whom servants of the Sword, the Brush, the

Pen,

The Forum and the Senate, owe such debt

As makes us all remember with regret

We have not all the happy power to mark,

With GLADSTONE'S eloquence, the fame of

CLARK.

NEAR ENOUGH—FOR HER.—Somebody mentioned in Mrs. R.'s hearing that a new light had been recently thrown on Bacteria. "Ah!" observed our old friend, thoughtfully, "the doctors do invent strange words nowadays. I suppose what they call 'Bacteria' is only a new name for Lumbago."



AN APOLOGY TO AN OLD FRIEND.



A COVENT-GARDENIAN REMINISCENCE.

City Merchant. "GOOD MORNING, JENNINGS. I'M A BIT LATE THIS MORNING. THE FACT IS, I WAS INDUCED TO GO TO THE BAL MASQUE LAST NIGHT. I AM GLAD TO SAY I DIDN'T SEE ANY OF OUR YOUNG MEN THERE."

Highly Respectable Head Clerk. "OH, OF COURSE NOT, SIR."

[But he WAS there, all the same; and, what's more, nearly won a Prize for his Costume!]

AN APOLOGY TO AN OLD FRIEND.

(Written by Mr. Gladstone after contributing Specimens of the Love Odes of Horace to the May Number of the "Nineteenth Century.")

"At those periods when I have been in any degree master of my own time, I have, in my own way, dived a little into antiquity. Almost everything begins for me with my old friend HOMER, the friend of my youth, the friend of my middle age, the friend of my old age, from whom I hope never to part as long as I have any faculty or breath left in my body."—Mr. Gladstone on Homer, Dec. 3, 1872.]

"GIVE me the harp of Epic song,
Which HOMER's fingers thrilled along!"
'Twas so ANACREON started.
Yet each succeeding stanza proves
His love for every lyre, save Love's,
Was but half hearted.

Still, still he found his "languid lyre,"
The "warbler of his soul's desire,"
And that desire erotic.
We sing, like HOMER, arms and strife,
But Cupid some time in our life
Will prove despotic.

So pardon, mighty shade, if I,
A little late, it may be, try
The Lydian lyre a little;
Nor deem HORATIUS shall incline
My long allegiance from thy shrine
One jot or tittle.

O Cupid, we will sing to thee
"In wild but sweet ebriety."
(A touch Anacreontic!)
Long time I've steered the Ship of State,
Now I must leave to kindly fate
Its pine-planks Pontic.

Good Ship, so long my charge, nor less
An object now of tenderness,
I pray the dangerous seas
In thy old hull may make no breach,
But, PRIMROSE-piloted, may'st reach
The Cyclades!

There vibrates the Venusian's chord;
And thou, great HOMER, canst afford
That furrowed front to soften.
I have essayed with might and main
To live up to thy lofty strain,
So long and often!

Now age-dimmed eyes, that sure in thee
Should wake a ready sympathy,
Demand a little rest.
I live with Memory and her Muses.
The long-string bow at length refuses
Thine Epic test.

So faithless deem me not, nor stupid,
If with the sly Horatian Cupid
I trifle. 'Tis platonic,
This late flirtation with the Muse;
Minerva's self would scarce refuse
A smile—ironic.

"Love Odes of HORACE!" You may deem
NESTOR of other things should dream.
ACHILLES o'er the trench?
Well, you'll admit that in long shindy
On our Troy's plain, as wild and windy,
I did not blench.

And now the pecking of the Dove
At my lyre-strings, and whispering Love
Tip-tapping on my shoulder,
Incite me to a new strange venture. He
(Love) suggests the *Nineteenth Century*,
And, growing bolder,

Great HOMER, I'll e'en brave thy frown,
And try, with rhymes, to take the town.
The critics may attack us;
Indeed, I'm sure they'll flout my skill;
But you'll forgive me—and so will
Our good friend FLACCUS!

A VERY NATURAL QUESTION.—"This," said the Verger, who was showing Mrs. R. and a few friends over the Cathedral, "this was the Old Lady Chapel." "Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. R. "How very nice! But," after a moment's consideration, "at what age were they admitted? And, was it ever full?"

BY THE NURSERY GARDENER.—How would you come to a decision as to sound fruit?—In the case of a plum, greengage, or peach, any one would judge by its tone.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 30.—Not an honest nor kinder-hearted man in House than JOHN GILBERT TALBOT. High-minded, sensitively conscientious, naturally a little unhappy as he went off to dinner to-night thinking of the trap he had unconsciously,



M.P. for Holiday.

certainly undesignedly, laid for ROBERT GRANT WEBSTER. It happened when LLOYD GEORGE, in softest voice, was raging furiously against the Church in Wales. Mere mention of the Church touches TALBOT to the quick. Any disrespectful reference excites his keenest indignation. His best-remembered Parliamentary remark was delivered on the historical occasion when GRAND CROSS, at that time still with us in the House of Commons, defended the bishops from an attack made upon their Parliamentary position. It was in the lobby, whither he had withdrawn to hide his emotion, that TALBOT, sadly shaking his head, and assuming an expression more than usually lugubrious, summed up the situation in poignant phrase. He is not so effective in ordered speech, being somewhat too obviously weighted with more than his share of human woe. Still, he is always

listened to with the respect high personal character extorts even in most frivolous mood of House of Commons.

To-night he broke silence several times whilst LLOYD GEORGE spoke disrespectfully of the Church in Wales. WEBSTER sitting behind quietly enough; but at sight of this venerable figure popping up like a clerical Jack-in-the-pulpit, he began to move restlessly. Once or twice he rose, but TALBOT, happening to be on feet at moment he dropped back in his seat. "I rise to a point of order," he from time to time shouted. At length he got his chance; GEORGE resumed his seat; House silently awaited point of order.

"The Hon. Gentleman," WEBSTER thundered forth, in his most magisterial manner, "says he quoted from an official return these figures showing the relative numbers of Nonconformists and Church-goers in Wales. Was there," he added, dropping his voice to tragic notes, "an official enumeration?"

"That is no question of Order," said the SPEAKER, shortly, even sharply; and WEBSTER, suddenly subsiding from condition of almost dangerous effervescence, limply resumed his seat.

TALBOT, conscience-stricken, wounded more deeply than if the blow had fallen direct upon himself, also subsided, and shortly after the congregation peacefully dispersed.

Business done.—Bill Disestablishing Welsh Church read first time.

Tuesday.—Rather a serious evening. Registration Bill down for Second Reading. EDWARD CLARKE criticised it for upwards of an hour; DILKE in succeeding hour criticised CLARKE, and defended Bill. For all practical purposes, House might just as well, much more usefully, have forthwith divided, sent the Bill into Committee, and worked it up there. Of course, that would never do. Speeches been prepared, and must be delivered.

A dozen Members sprang up with portentous sheaves of notes in hand.

"Mr. DISRAELI!" said the SPEAKER.

Old Members started to hear the old familiar name, long unused. Would there appear at either side of the table the bowed figure, the wrinkled face, and the still miraculously glossy curl wreathed adown the high forehead? Instead there rose from below the Gangway, from the seat occupied by WILLIAM O'BRIEN before he regained his breeches and lost his voice, a dapper youth, bearing no resemblance to his great namesake, save a peculiar hoist of the shoulders. He



distrusted the Bill, and said so in a speech that might have been delivered by JONES, or even by BROWN.

SARK has an idea that particular names, rendered illustrious by individuals, should lapse at their death. It would, in his view—and he is an unpresumptuous person—have been all right if DIZZY'S heritors and successors could have taken the title of BEACONSFIELD. Nobody cares about that, unless it be Garter King-at-Arms. But the name of DISRAELI is a precious House of Commons possession.

"Makes me sad," said SARK, "to have it associated with pointless speech, unilluminated by a stray flash of humour."

Business done.—Second reading debate on Registration Bill.

Thursday.—Rumour current this afternoon pressgong early resignation of SPEAKER. Mere mention of such contingency sufficient to eclipse the gaiety of House, already undermined by debates on Registration and Welsh Disestablishment. No man is indispensable; but House of Commons, accustomed to the passing of great figures, stands aghast at mere mention of possibility of missing from the Chair the stately presence of ARTHUR PEEL. None but those who spend their nights and days in the House of Commons know how much he is to it, or how much the country, whose interests are closely bound up with those of its Parliament, owes to him.

By happy accident, contemporaneous with currency of this rumour, SPEAKER had opportunity of testifying, under peculiar daunting circumstances, to maintenance of unshaken vigour of mind and body. CAPTAIN TOMMY BOWLES, having temporarily intermitted task of instructing SQUIRE OF MALWOOD upon the intricacies of finance; CRAWFELL-BANNERMAN in the science of war; BRYCE in the niceties of American politics; SHAW-LEFEBVRE in the law regulating public commons; HERBERT GARDNER on the rotation of crops; EDWARD GREY on Imperial duties at the Equator; SYDNEY BUXTON upon the safest way of extending our Empire in South Africa; WALTER FOSTER on the contingencies that environ vaccination; the LORD ADVOCATE on the practice of hypothek in the time of JUSTINIAN; the ATTORNEY-GENERAL on the means of increasing his legal income; and having given up trying to teach MUNDELLA seamanship, undertook to convince SPEAKER that Registration Bill was in hopeless state of disorder, necessitating its immediate withdrawal.

House listened in respectful amazement whilst the CAPTAIN, showing as intimate acquaintance with ERSKINE MAY on Parliamentary procedure as he might be supposed to have with Longley on *Latitude*, seemed to be demonstrating something. What it exactly was no one but the SPEAKER knew. He, however, more erudite even than TOMMY. It appeared from his clear, impressive statement, that if at end of title of Registration Bill there had been added the words "and for purposes connected therewith," all would have been lost. Bill must have been withdrawn, and, in present block of business, hopeless to bring it in again. Happily, instead of "connected therewith," had been written "consequential thereon." That, as the CAPTAIN would have observed had he been on another tack, made all tant. SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, who had scarcely ventured to breathe during delivery of this judgment, heaved deep sigh of relief. It had been a close shave, but all was well.

"Worst of TOMMY," said our new ATTORNEY-GENERAL, regarding him with fresh terror flushing his mobile countenance, "is, you never know where to have him. Always breaking out in fresh place, the more unexpected the more fascinating its attraction for him."

Business done.—More of Registration Bill.

Friday, 10.25 P.M.—Seemed to be in for a pleasant evening, after rather heavy afternoon. WILFRID LAWSON on with motion proposing that, when honours and titles are conferred, statement of the services that had won them should be published. Several names occur which indicate the embarrassment inevitable if such a course were adopted. SQUIRE OF MALWOOD would not listen to suggestion; proposal was negatived.

Then uprose SAM SMITH with resolution on Bimetallism. Not ten o'clock yet; at least two hours to discuss the enchanting topic; Members rubbed their hands in keen anticipation; a pleased smile suffused the benches; large number of Members couldn't contain their joy within limits of decorum imposed by SPEAKER'S presence in Chair; went out to give full course to their delight; consequence was, when KNOX rose to read the second paper of the series, House was counted out.

Business done.—On second reading Registration Bill, Government Majority reduced to 14.

Enthusiasm.

(Overheard at Lord's.)

First Youthful Critic. Humph! GRACE, who in so many fights has fought,

Begins this year his season with a nought.

Second ditto. Oh, pooh! Nought's nothing! Just you wait a bit, Till his eye's in, and he begins to hit; Then won't he swipe! Fancy I hear the "dunt" of 'em! He'll "bag a brace" then—with a 1 in front of 'em!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

My Baronite, to his distinguished Chief, deponeth and sayeth:—

The Life of General Sir Hope Grant, with Selections from his Correspondence, edited by Colonel HENRY KNOLLYS, just published by BLACKWOOD, turns over again the ever fascinating pages of the Story of the Indian Mutiny. HOPE GRANT, then in the prime of life, and in command of the Ninth Lancers, went through it all, in the front rank of the dauntless body of Great Britons who first withstood and finally beat back the native flood that for a while threatened to swamp the English in India. As the despatches show, HOPE GRANT's share in the hard won victory was second to few. These two handsome volumes are chiefly made up of extracts from his diary, written amid the smoke of battle. There is, my Baronite says, something sublime in the matter-of-fact manner in which he jots down record of thrilling incident, much as if he were entering a memorandum of a sail from Westminster Bridge to Chelsea, or a ride in the park. Day after day and night after night, at Cawn-poor, Lucknow, and Delhi, HOPE GRANT lived on intimate terms with Death, with the proverbial result. It did not breed exactly contempt, but there was induced absolute indifference. A choice companion spirit was found in COLIN CAMPBELL, who commanded the relief operations. In one of the almost hourly fights it is written "Sir COLIN was struck in the stomach by a spent rifle-shot, which nearly doubled him up, but did not otherwise injure him." The italics are not HOPE GRANT's. He does not use them. But isn't the touch delightful—a man nearly doubled up by receipt of a rifle-shot in the stomach, but not otherwise injured." Perhaps HOPE GRANT was thinking of the graver consequences which followed on the delivery of a famous chunk of old red sandstone, the subsequent proceedings interesting no more the recipient. "By a like shot," he adds, "when talking to Sir COLIN and MANSFELD, I was hit in the side with such force that for some moments I could not speak. Happily I was only bruised." Exactly. But these methods of interrupting a friendly conversation are, to say the least, inconvenient. Of such stuff is the British Army made. As a means of keeping up its tone, Mr. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN might do much worse than include in the Army Estimates the small vote necessary to supply every mess-room throughout the Empire with a copy of Colonel KNOLLYS' book.

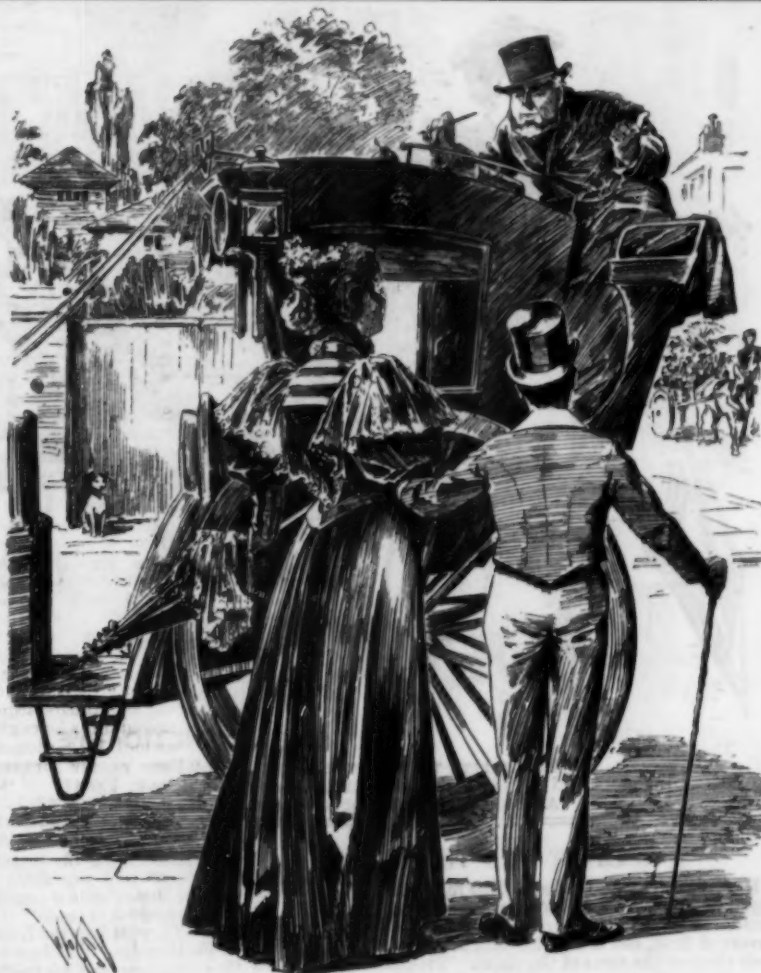
Quoth the Baron, "I admit that I am one of those given to what Sir WALTER SCOTT in *Redgauntlet* styles 'The laudable practice of skipping.' With the skipper Sir WALTER owns to having 'a strong fellow-feeling.' It is good indeed to possess such high authority for being a skipper in novels. Yet the skipper must beware. Give him plenty of rope for skipping and maybe he will skip no more. *A propos* of Sir WALTER," continued the Baron, "I had up to now thought that 'hard lines' was a modern slang expression. Not a bit of it; it is in *Redgauntlet*. The man who is in charge of the fishing station says, 'It is hard lines for me to leave your honour.' When did 'hard lines' travel south? By rail?"

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co.

TO THE AUTHOR OF *TESS*.

Life's Little Ironies are bright successes: Now, HARDY, give us *Life's Big Brazeneases*!

A FAUX PAS.—Mr. FAUX's boycotting of *Esther Waters*.



THE HIGHER JOURNALISM.

Driver. "KER, MUM? NOTTING 'ILL, MUM? COULD YOU KINDLY EXCUSE ME, MUM? I'VE GOT TO FINISH A LITTLE ARTICLE ON 'FARES AS I 'AVE TOOK,' ALMOST IMMEDIATE, OR THAT EDITOR O' MINE WILL BE BADGERIN' MOST FRIGHTFUL. IF NOW YOU WAS TO APPLY TO ONE OF MY COLLEAGUES ON THE RANK, MUM—"

QUIS VENTILABIT IPSOS VENTILATORES?

THE House for airing grievances,
The papers all declare
Has, not unnaturally, found
A grievance in its air.
The Ventilators it appears,
Elect of all the nation,
Have now themselves been found to
stand
In need of ventilation:
Expert opinion on the cause
They've hastened to amass,
It's plain enough, says Mr. P.,
Undue escape of "gas."

PAT ON MR. ASQUITH'S WEDDING.—
"Sure the ceremony must remind him of
'Tennant Rites,' and the question of 'Home
Rule' will be settled afterwards."

A CHANCE VOLUME.—Anecdotes of distinguished personages, illustrated with portraits, to be entitled *Heads and Tales*.

NURSERY CANONS.

(By a Young Person.)

THAT all beyond the bib and coral,
Be boycotted as "most immoral."
That aught with virile power and pith
Be banned—in the great name of SMITH:
That passion's coarse, that satire rude is;
That Nature must be "stopped at MUDIE'S!"
That Art and Literature must lap,
Like a tame cat, skim milk and pap;
Man's sole soul-pabulum, indeed,
Be—Arrowroot plus Aniseed.

EVIDENTLY.—HENRY IRVING, after laying the first stone of a theatre at Brixton (very substantial building a "Brick-stone Theatre" ought to be!), congratulated Mr. RIDER NOBLE and the proprietors. From the name, this theatre must be a circus, with a Noble Rider to manage the ring.

WHY is a bad Billiard-player like an Anchor?—Because he depends on his Flukes.



THE ÆSTHETIC EYE.

"HOW PRETTY THAT LADY IS, PAPA!" "VERY PRETTY INDEED, TOMMY!" (Pause.)
 "I THINK SHE'S THE PRETTIEST LADY I EVER SAW, PAPA!" "REALLY, TOMMY?" (Pause.)
 "ARE YOU QUITE SURE YOU STILL LOVE MUMMY BEST, PAPA?"

HAMLET AND THE SKULL.

H-RO-RT-HAMLET. "Hum! This fellow might be in 's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognisances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries." Aha! e'en so. And they do say the buyers of land, and the holders and inheritors thereof, shake now in their shoes at the signs of the times. 'Tis Graduation gravels 'em!

Graduation is vexation,
 Abatement is as bad;

Exemption free it bothers me;
 And Betterment drives me mad.

So might sing the buyer of land, an he had a heart for singing, which in this day he hath not. Now, I could sing,—terra-lirra like any lark, crow you like any chanticleer,—but that a graveyard song is apt to sound like a raven's croak. "Hath this fellow no feeling of his business that he sings"—over a skull? So they might reproach me for my intempestive mirth, an I let out the glee of my heart in jocund song. "That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once." Verily, yes! Could it warble now what were the burthen of its song? Something on this wise I wot.

Back to the Well-let Land!
 Ah! who shall lead us thither?
 Clouds in the fiscal sky more darkly
 gather, [hand,
 And unlet farms lie round on every
 Who'll lead us, in Protective band,
 Thither, O thither,
 Back to the Well-let Land?

Back to the Well-let Land!
 To you, ye fair-titled regions,
 Whereon the taxes were not laid in
 legions,
 Which had not felt the Exchequer's
 heavy hand;

What time the Corn Laws firmly yet
 did stand,
 Dear to the farmers' bosoms,
 Reaping the Well-let Land!

O Land! O Land!
 Thy lords be broken-hearted.
 The harshest herald by our fate
 allotted,
 Beckons, and with Free Trade and
 high rates stands,
 To lead us with no gentle hand.
 Far from the Land of the Great
 Departed,
 Far from the Well-let Land!

'Tis so I hear the Song of the Skull—an 'twere the Landlord's skull. But "this might be the pate of a politician." Faith, yes; a friend of the Agricultural Interest, a Protectionist like HOWARD VINCENT, a Bimetallist like CHAPLIN. And to this favour he hath come! "Or of a courtier, which could say 'Good-morrow, Sweet Lords!' How fare ye, good Lords? Stand fast for the Land, brave Lords! Terra firma is the only stable thing, dear Lords!"

"This might be my lord Such-a-one, that praised my lord Such-a-one's slip o' the tongue when he hoped to profit thereby." "E'en so; and now my Lady Work's; chapless, and knocked about the mazzard with a sexton's spade; here's fine Revolution, an we had the trick to see it." Or "why may it not be the skull of a lawyer?" They all love the Land; lie for it whilst they live, and in it when they die. "Where be his quiddets now, his quilllets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? Why does he suffer a rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery?"

Hum! "Wer't to consider too closely to consider so? No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to boot." Yet favour I the fancy that this is the skull of some great buyer of land. The gorge gapeth as though to swallow up Mother Earth, like an Irish land-grabber. "Is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? Will his vouchers touch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box; and must the inheritor himself have no more? ha?"

The inheritor? Aye, there's the rub. The inheritor in futuro shall have less, even by the amount that amended Law, intervenient, shall intercept—in the interest of the State and its Exchequer, and the Chancellor thereof. Good! Skull thou hast well served my turn, as text for a morality dear to HARCOURT-HAMLET's soul—and as demonstration that Death hath his Duties as well as his Rights. Aha!

ROYAL ACADEMY BANQUET.—Order of evening, short speeches. Excellent example gracefully set by Sir FREDERIC, P.R.A. H.R.H. Prince of WALES responded for Self and Royal Family. Duke of CAMBRIDGE merry and military; Lord SPENCER nice and nautical; Lord ROSEBURY wise and witty. LANG, alliteratively coupled with "Literature," piped, but no one felt inclined to dance; and then Sir ROBERT BALL shouted for "Science." "After the bawl was over" came first-rate speech by Bishop of PETERBOROUGH. Turkish Ambassador wanted to enquire it. "Non possumus, Excellency," quoth Cardinal VAUGHAN. "He's Bishop of Peterborough, not of Re-pesterborough." Witticism at once recorded by Recorder Sir CHARLES HALL. Then all in to cigars, concert, coffee, and conversation.



HAMLET AND THE SKULL.

HAMLET (SIR W. H-RC-RT). "THI FELLOW MIGHT BE IN'S TIME A GREAT BUYER OF LAND, WITH HIS STATUTES, HIS RECOGNISANCES, HIS FINES, HIS DOUBLE VOUCHERS, HIS RECOVERIES," &c., &c.





PASSIONATE FEMALE LITERARY TYPES.

THE OLD SCHOOL.

Miss Waly (Author of "Boots and Spurs and a Baritone Voice!"). "HONESTLY, LUCILLA, HAVE YOU EVER MET THE MAN YOU COULDN'T LOVE?"

Miss Thrumpt (who wrote "Oh, the Meeting of the Lips!"). "NO, CLARISSA! HAVE YOU?"

Miss Waly. "OH, NEVER, NEVER! AND I HARNESTLY TRUST I NEVER SHALL!"

HORACE IN LONDON.

AN EPODE, "BEATUS ILLE."

Joseph speaks, the "Nineteenth Century" in hand.

"HAPPY the man who, void of state,
Like simple students at the 'plough,'
Can saunter, muse, and lucubrate
Amid Three Acres and a Cow;
Who, all unstartled by the clash
Of party warfare, mocks at 'C.'
Derides the closure, need not dash
Forth from the House to Terrace Tea;
He counts the sheep and not the vote;
His 'reading' don't concern a Bill;
He turns his HORACE, not his coat,
And walks at ease round Dollis Hill.
Instead of cutting down with grind
Defects in Government's machine,
He fells a tree or so, by kind
Permission of Lord ABERDEEN.
He quails no more at 'laughter loud';
No cheers ironic make him blench;
A garden seat receives him proud,
As erst the ministerial bench.
The sylvan prospect makes amends;
He really 'to the country' goes;
No simulated wrath distends
His peaceful muse beneath the rose;
But amatory strains delight,
Soothed by the uncivic turtle-doves;
Would I could do the same, and write
Of HORACE and his lady-loves!"

So carolled JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN,
Who sighs for landed lordship still,
Perusing GLADSTONE's last refrain
With eyes askance on Dollis Hill.

GENERAL PROVERBIAL RULE FOR EVERY-
BODY EXCEPT GARDENERS.—"As you make
your bed so you must lie on it."

"ALL THE WINNERS" (?).

BOYCOTTED or not boycotted, if *Esther Waters* calls general and effectual attention to the growth of gambling, which is the real "curse of the country" in these days, it will do more good than all the *Dodos* and *Marcellas* and *Barabbasses* and *Heavenly Twins* in all the libraries in the land. England is fast becoming, in an evil sense, the "Better" Land; and in consequence of the phrenzied cult of the Goddess of Gambling the later Victorian Era will come to be called the reign of Bad Queen Bet. From poor boot-blacks to middle-class black-legs, and thence to aristocratic black sheep, all classes of the community are tarred and tainted with the same bad brush. "All the winners!" yell the newspaper urchins; who "have a bit on" themselves—almost to a boy. SOUTHEY'S Devil on his Walk would chuckle sardonically at the cry.

He saw a ragged-breck'd urchin run
A-shrieking out "All the winners!!!" [fun!]
And the Devil smiled, and he eniggered, "What
What a bait for the greed-fired sinner!
Whilst the Gambling-Demon is wide awake,
Half my imps may be idle snoozers.
But wouldn't it sell if I published—from Hell—
My record of "All the Losers!"
Of all Primrose paths 'tis the Betting track
Leads straightest down to perdition,
And the losers each day (of their souls) I should
say

Would fill a big "Speshul Edition!"

NEWS OF A DISTINGUISHED INVALID.—
Mrs. R. wasn't at all well. On being con-
doled with, our excellent friend remarked
that she was "not in the least surprised at
her suffering from indigestion, as on the pre-
vious evening she had had cramped salmon
for dinner."

THAT HAT.

(At the Private View.)

I'LL see, I fear, not a picture here,
For ever there comes between
A flower-bed on a lady's head—
That's pretty well all I've seen.

I dodge and dive, but I can't contrive
To peep past the things that trim
That far from flat, waving, curling hat,
With it's quite enormous brim.

I'm short, she's tall, I can't see at all,
And she always comes between;
Though quick or slow be my pace, no go,
In front she has ever been.

So all I know of this picture show
Is a brim that scrapes my nose,
On which upright, half a yard in height,
Stands, "blowing and growing," a rose.

AFTER THE BALL.

(Fragment from a Record at the End of the Season.)

THE stranger had heard shouts and cries, but had seen no smoke. He had ascribed the latter characteristic of the fray to the newest invention in gunpowder. Still the noise was terrific. He could not see the combatants engaged in their fierce contest, but every now and again a victim was carried to the rear. Sometimes to the ambulance-tent, sometimes to a retiring-room of even a sadder nature. The fight was evidently hotly contested, and the list of the lost and wounded would be a very long one.

"And how many patients have you, Doctor?" asked the stranger, as he entered the hospital tent.

"Oh, about the average. Six broken legs, ten fractured arms, twelve staved-in ribs, and seven collar-bones unsettled. Had this poor fellow's neck been twisted half an inch more, they would have had to carry him to the other tent. It would have been all up with him."

And then the stranger noticed that although the marquee was full of suffering men, there were no signs of warfare. He saw no swords, no rifles, and no accoutrements.

"And where was the battle fought?" asked the stranger.

"What battle?" queried the Doctor.

"Why the battle in which these poor fellows came by their wounds," returned the Medico, "that my patients got into such straits. No, they owe their presence here to joining in a game of football."

A NEW PET.

[There is scarcely any animal, from the polar bear to the mouse, which has not been tamed by man as a pet.]—From a recent *Magazine Article*.

THAT "Polar Bear"! It sounded nice,
Suggestive of the land of ice,
Aurora, whales, and Esquimaux;
And then so new, so *comme il faut*,
A change from cockatoos and mice!

I bought one, at a longish price—
It made two orphans in a trice,
And killed a dozen dogs or so,
That Polar Bear!

Perhaps you'll offer some advice
How best a buyer to entice,
Or would some enterprising show
This special offer like to know?
"For sale—tremendous sacrifice—
That Polar Bear "



PREHISTORIC PEEPS.
OPENING OF THE PRIMEVAL ROYAL ACADEMY.

GEMS FROM THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



No. 175. Dining Alone; or, The Gluttonous Lion and the Little Kid. "Ain't it golopshus!" J. T. Nettlehip.



Nos. 54 and 61. Lady Pugilists resting after Round the First. Henry T. Wells, R.A., and J. S. Sargent, A.



No. 165. A Queer Proceeding. Regardless of her doom she is "going on—anyhow." Evidently, "She dunno where As are." Hon. John Collier.



No. 316. The Cow preparing to jump over the Moon, but rather baulked by being puzzled as to whether it isn't the Sun. Fred Hall.



No. 435. The Black Watch "making hay" at Quatre Bras. William B. Wollen.



No. 190. Snow'd Up; or, To be Left till Called for. "No mantle! no umbrella! no shoes! and the snow is falling so slowly I can count the flakes. I wonder if it's going to be any worse? Wish some one would come and fetch me." Sir F. Leighton, Bart., P.R.A.



No. 523. The Coming Hamlet. "Aha! wait till I appear." Sol. J. Solomon.



No. 29. Poor Lady! Severe bilious attack. Draught every two hours. Sir F. Leighton, Bart., P.R.A.



No. 462. A Pennyworth of Electricity. "Oh! turn it off for goodness' sake!!" Hon. John Collier.

FREDERIC LEIGHTON, P.R.A., calls the lady in this fine picture. More correct, though less classical, to say not "Fat" but "Comfortable Idica."

No. 42. "Tea," by G. D. LESLIE, R.A., is delightful. Suggestive of future romance in the figure of this little Tea-maker. "Fabula narrative de Tea"

should have been the motto.

No. 54. *Miss Stirling*, by HENRY T. WELLS, R.A. A picture of sterling value. Bravo! Oil-Wells!

No. 59. *Portrait of a Lady* (How nice!), by EMILY GOODCHILD. "Good child" must be rewarded, and "take the cake."

No. 70. *Harold and Maud*, children of E. A. Kitching, Esq., J.P., by PERCY BIGLAND, who, of course, on this occasion brought the Kitching folk into the Drawing-room.

No. 72. "His First Cigarette." "Oh, dear!" says the juvenile smoker (who looks something like what Lord R-s-n-ry may have been in very much earlier life—at about

2 A.M.), "I don't think I like it!" By SEYMOUR LUCAS, A.?

No. 78. *Luke Fildes*, R.A., scores many with his *Mrs. Robert Yerburgh*. *Belle affaire de Luke's*.

No. 90. "Summer Fruit." Charming! MARCUS STONE, R.A. Stone fruit.

No. 104. "A Difficult Position" might have been the other title of "The Eleventh Hour," by J. H. LORIMER. How does she manage to keep her seat?

No. 110. *The Marquess of Ripon*, K.G. By HUBERT HERKOMER, R.A. "A 'Rippin' picture!"

No. 121. *Lady Eden*. Evidently EVE's second title. Congratulations to LEWIS C. POWLES.

No. 124. "Nature's Archway." J. MACWHIRTER, R.A. His Diploma picture. Scene at Sark. It should be called "Nature's SARKitecture."

No. 130. "Waiting for a Ferry: Venice."

No. 3. "Bob's Up!" by ARTHUR S. COPE, being a portrait of General Lord ROBERTS, V.C., G.C.B., &c.

No. 6. "The End of the Pier." Poor Pier! Last Appearances! Affecting title of Mr. HECTOR CAFFIERI's picture.

No. 15. Admirable picture of Major-General Sir FRANCIS GREENFELL, K.C.B., &c. By W. W. OULESS, R.A. At this style of portraiture who greater than Ouleless?

No. 20. "Fat Idica." At least so Sir

Of course this charming Venetian subject is by HENRY WOODS, R.A. Venice was always celebrated for its Waters, and now it is known to us by its Woods. "Beautiful Isle of the Sea" was the old song. "Beautiful like-painting of the Woods" say we.

No. 135. "The Bracelet." Marvellous fine picture by Sir F. LEIGHTON, Bart., P.R.A. Classical, of course: Grecian rather: prominent is the elbow, which looks a bit sore. Abbreviated title, "Elbow-Greece."

No. 164. Follow my LEADER, A., along "A Wet Roadside."

No. 232. *A Rise in Life*; or, *Taken Up by a Queer Old Bird*. By BRITON RIVIERE, R.A., who calls it "Gany-mede."

No. 277. "A Versailles." By VAL. C. PRINSEP, A., stage-manager to the Royal Academy Theatre.

No. 306. WILLIAM F. YEAMES, R.A., gives us a masterly picture of a medieval gent trifling with some toy puppies. A brief amusement, or "cur-tailed joys."

No. 339. Awkward position of Mr. COPE's Right Hon. A. J. Mundella, M.P., and (No. 343) Sir GEORGE REID's Professor Blackie (no connection with DAY and MARTIN), placed on either side of

No. 340. HUBERT HERKOMER, R.A.'s lady "all beautiful in naked purity." Quite charming is the artist's lady, but both aforesaid gentlemen are looking most demurely in the opposite direction. Highly moral group.

No. 423. Send for a ladder and look at "Lunette and portion of ceiling" hung up above part of a mural decoration by the Colour-SERGEANT, A. This must be carefully examined by a Commission in Lunettecy.

No more time or space just now. Must step back to look once more at the delightful portrait of H.R.H. The Princess of Wales, painted by LUKE FILDES, R.A., and to suggest to him this motto:—

"O Miracle of Womanhood."
The Princess. Prologue.—Tennyson.

A PICCADILLY PASTORAL.

[A pair of wood-pigeons may be observed nesting in a plane-tree in Piccadilly, undisturbed by the turmoil below.—Daily Paper.]

I HAVE found out a gift for my fair;
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed.
But, on second thoughts, let me forbear
From a very ridiculous deed.
Climb this plane-tree for eggs I will not;
Piccadilly's too public by far;
Tens of thousands would rush to the spot,
And "E dunno," they'd cry, "w'ere 'e are!"

Then, she loves "all the birds of the air,"
(So she tells me) including the dove,
Though her hats don't exactly prepare
One for this—but enough! I'm in love.
And here comes the delight of my heart!
We'll be off to some restaurant nigh;
And I'll offer amends with "dove-tart,"
As some lunatics call pigeon-pie.

ON A LITIGIOUS MAN.—"Quem Deus vult perdere (Nisi) Prius dementat."



SOMETHING LIKE.

(Little Jenkins, having been told that a Pike is a most voracious fish, and being about to try for the big one, has baited with a small leg of mutton.)

Keeper (in charge of Water). "GLAD TO SEE AS HOW YOU 'RE HAVIN' SICH FINE SPORT, GUV'NOR!"

THE POET'S SPRING.

"SUMMER is y-cumen in,
Loud sing Cuckoo!"
With everything that pretty bin
They choke the study flue.
I wot in Spring it is the thing
To set my study straight;
But what the deuce is the use
Of greenery in the grate?

Summer is y-cumen in,
Loud calleth Sweep!
On everything that written bin
In vain my eye I keep.
They pile them all against the wall,
And swathe with table-cloth;
That Sweep at six may fix his sticks—
This also maketh wroth.

Summer is y-cumen in,
Fire is y-goen out;
And DICK BREADWINNER blows his nail,
And flings his arms about,
Where can I my matches throw,
Or knock my G. B. D.?
And LUCY won't be grave—but oh!
The difference to me!

TO THE AUGUSTIN DALY CO., DALY'S THEATRE.—"As you like it" so you must leave it. There was a Grand Farewell Night on Saturday last, and now the London theatre-going public, congratulating Manager AUGUSTIN [who, to be consistent with his *prénoms*, must come back in August], on his "returns," look forward to the return of the company which has done so excellently well in the works of our Mr. SHAKESPEARE.

A TURN FOR THE HANDEL—FESTIVAL.

MY DEAR GOOD FRIEND, MR. P., MY SWEET, BUT NEVER GREEN, P.,—We have got our triennial Handel Festival coming on in June. "Try any, all Handel at this Festival, and pick 'em where you like." Give this Handel a turn, my dear Mr. P.!

We've that Gye-antess as a songstress Madame ALBANI coming, likewise MELBA (on whose name my friend WAGSTAFF can only pun when he has a cold id 'is 'ed, and sings, "Then you'll re-Melba me!" Oh!); also Maid MARIAN (M'KENZIE). Then of course the merry MANNS with his merry men, and the Organist EYRE, who is 'igher up than most of the performers, in fact the only thing at the C. P. that can anger anybody connected with the Festival is the position of the organist, because, from the moment we were compelled to place him where he is now perched aloft, it became evident to everyone that our EYRE was raised. If, as some persons insist on doing, you pronounce his name as *air* and not *ire*, then your angry passions need not rise, and you are simply delighted to have such an *Air* on the organ. But alas! the news has just arrived that this EYRE is not strong enough for the Handel constitution, and so his place will be taken by Mr. WALTER

HEDGCOCK, quite a "*rara avis*." CHARLES THE FIRST (and only) SANTLEY will be there; high BEN DAVIES will be all there, but Ben Nevils cannot come, and he's a trifle higher: we've caught our NORMAN SALMOND, than whom no better by musical doctors has ever been ex-salmond. Mr. ANDREW BLACK, not a Christy Minstrel as his name suggests, sings in this Festival for the first time; and EDWARD LLOYD is a certainty,—at least, if he didn't come after promising, "Whoy then," as the Yorkshireman broadly observed, "he told a loy, and so after all it's EDWARD Loyd."

So, Mr. P., 'twill be a big occasion, a great show! Don't forget to book it, and come to see your dear old

CRYSTAL PAL.

P.S.—Lots of seats for everyone who comes to Syd-in-'em! (Ahem!)

TOO WILLINGLY LET DIE.

[According to the *Daily News* of the 28th ult., an inscription on the front of No. 34, Rue de Richelieu, Paris, announces that MOLIÈRE's death occurred there, while No. 40 also claims in a similar manner to occupy the site of the house where he died.]

BEHOLDERS, getting back their breaths,
Must deem one statement—unvarious;
And yet, perhaps, it took two deaths
To kill a being so vivacious.

Conjectures, probably, are rife;
But this, at least, may be decided:
MOLIÈRE was pleasant in his life,
Though in his death he be divided.

THE LATEST LITERARY EPIDEMIC.—The Yellow (Book) Fever.



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CHIANTI.
"THE FINEST"—
UNEQUALLED.
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"Certainly seems to deserve its name."—LANCET.
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CARRIAGE PAID.
GEO. BACK & CO.,
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OF ALL WINE MERCHANTS.

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This delicious Liqueur, which has come so much into public favour on account of its wonderful properties of aiding Digestion and preventing Dyspepsia, can now be had of all the principal Wine and Spirit Merchants throughout the Kingdom. Sole Consignees,
W. DOYLE & Co., Crouch's Friars, London, E.C.

HOOPING COUGH, CROUP.
ROCHE'S HERBAL EMULSION.
The celebrated effectual cure without internal medicine. Sole Wholesale Agents, W. Rowlands & Son, 161, Queen Victoria Street, London.
Sold by most Chemists. Price 4s. per bottle.
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Sold only in 1-ounce Packets, and 2, 4, 8-ounce, and 1-lb. Tins, which keep the Tobacco in the smoking condition. Ask at all Tobacco Sellers, Grocers, &c., and take no other.
SMOKERS ARE CAUTIONED AGAINST IMITATIONS.
The Genuine bears the Trade-Mark, "Nottingham Castle," on every Packet and Tin.
PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES, in Packets and Tins only, containing 12, 24, 50, and 100.

The following extract from the "Review of Reviews," Nov., 1890, is of interest to every Smoker:
THE PIPE IN THE WORKHOUSE.—The picture drawn by our Helper of the poor old man in the workhouse, puffing away at an empty pipe, has touched the hearts of some of our correspondents. One who dates from the High Alps, and signs himself "Old Scow," says:—"I have been struck with your suggestion in the October number of the Review of Reviews for a scheme to supply smokers in workhouses with tobacco. I am afraid, judged by the ordinary standards, I am the most selfish of mortals, as I never give a cent away for purposes of so-called charity; but this scheme of yours appeals at once to the sympathy of a hardened and depraved smoker. Were I in London, I would at once start a collecting-bag for the fund, and levy contributions for it on my smoking acquaintances, but, unfortunately, my business compels me to be a wanderer round the Continent for the next nine months. I am, however, as a smoker, and would like to contribute a pound of what I consider the BEST SMOKING TOBACCO, viz., 'PLAYER'S NAVY CUT' (this is not an advertisement). I enclose, therefore, a cheque for the sum of £1."

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